



## Good Roads

**The "Mud Tax."**  
**T**RULY we can say agriculture is the great monarch, and its interests should be fostered in every possible way.

If any tax upon this important industry can be lifted without an impairment of governmental revenues it certainly should be done, and if continuous lines of improved interstate highways, as alleged, will reduce the "mud tax" and the cost of transportation of farm products from the farm to the market one-half or one-third, then surely such improved roads ought to be given the agricultural interest without argument or delay.

We have no fault to find with vast appropriations for pensions, irrigation schemes, waterways and railroads, but it is a crying shame that agriculture, the monarch, industry, has scarcely been noticed, and when it demands of the National Government what the individual communities are not able to give—continuous lines of improved highways—its request should be answered by large appropriations for such continuous lines of improved interstate roads.

This Nation claims to lead in everything, and I think it does, for we have the biggest rivers, the biggest trusts and the poorest roads on earth.

Surely the National Government should always do those things that make for the National welfare, and how could the National welfare be better promoted than by the National aid for continuous lines of improved interstate highways?

By such highways not only will transportation of farm products be greatly facilitated, but such roads will make for a better education, more social and religious privileges, and in every way tend to elevate the character of our rural population, on whom we, as a Nation, so largely depend.

How absurd it seems when we are told that the National Government can spend \$250,000,000 to build one canal in Panama, and New York State another \$100,000,000 for canal purposes, but that no money can be appropriated to aid the great industry—agriculture—upon which the prosperity of the entire country and these special interests rest!

Were it not for the agricultural interests, canals, rivers, harbors and railroads would be practically useless, for without the products of agriculture there would be little or nothing for them to transport.

The National Government has expended \$400,000,000 in improving waterways, while in capital and interest it has aided railroads to the extent of \$138,000,000, and in addition to encourage railroad building, has given 190,000,000 acres of the public land, making a grand total value given for these objects of not less than \$1,500,000,000, besides appropriating for irrigation schemes that the desert may blossom as the rose.

All these appropriations were made from the people's money. We find no fault because such appropriations have been made, for we approve of them all, but we do find fault because the common road, the most important factor among them all, which makes for National prosperity, has been utterly neglected.

Now abideth waterways, railways and highways, but the greatest of these is highways.

Some would be bright minds assume to say that Congress has not the power to authorize outlays for road improvement, because the Constitution does not allow such appropriations.

In answer to that statement all we have to say is that Congress and the Constitution were created by the people and for the people, and that both Congress and the Constitution are simply instruments to do the work and bidding of the people.

All the money held or received by the National Government is the people's money, and do we not insist that a man shall do what he wills with his own when free from incumbrances?

Has the great sovereign people less rights than the individual?

There are some timid pessimists who say the National Government is not able to undertake this grand and necessary work of road improvement.

History tells us that Moses sent spies to spy out the promised land, and because the people listened to the advice of timid and heartless leaders, they were doomed to suffer the privations, hardships and wanderings of the desert for forty long years.

But as the brave, farseeing Joshua and Caleb affirmed that they were then able to go forward and possess the land promised to them and their fathers, a land flowing with milk and honey, so we affirm that our great Government, with the granary of the world in its possession, and with wealth of the ages in its grasp, is now fully capable of inaugurating measures and providing the necessary money to aid the different communities in

of improved interstate highways may be constructed and that it should be done at once, thereby saving the people from longer remaining in this wilderness, this slough of despond, this liquid morass, "of mud roads," with all their attendant evils, loss and discomforts.

We demand that forthwith our leaders take us over this Jordan which has been such a hard road to travel to the land flowing with milk and honey, a land of benefits, the land of education, the land of social and religious privileges, the promised land where continuous lines of improved interstate highways exist.—From a Speech Quoted in the New York Tribune.

### Platinum—Scarcely a "C" Value.

So numerous are the uses of platinum that it is easy to forget how small are the quantities used for each particular purpose, and to get an exaggerated idea of the annual production of this peculiarly precious metal. As a matter of fact, there is gathered of it from the whole world only between 160,000 and 170,000 ounces, and of this amount the United States, despite the extent of its mineral wealth, supplied only 110 ounces in 1903, and that was sixteen ounces more than it produced the year before. The value of the 110 ounces was \$2090. That was our direct output of platinum, but about three times as much was saved as a by-product of certain mines in Wyoming. Russia is the great platinum country, supplying ninety per cent. of all that is used, and most of the rest comes from Colombia.

The Electrical Review, summarizing the coming report of the Geological Survey, says that the total value of our platinum imports in 1903 amounted to \$2,055,933, which was distributed as follows: Unmanufactured, 1426 pounds (\$328,103); ingots, bar sheets and wire, 6308 pounds (\$1,591,941); vases, retorts and other apparatus, vessels and parts thereof for chemical uses, \$128,890; articles manufactured of platinum, \$6399. The price of pure platinum in wholesale quantities at New York continued during the whole of 1903, as during the last seven months of 1902, at \$19 an ounce. The value of platinum lies in its power of resisting heat and its small affinity for the other elements. It lacks both the beauty of gold and the strength of iron, but in its own place it has no substitute, and as it is extremely scarce its price remains high.—New York Times.

### The Country Editor.

Almost the only small business man who can laugh the encroachments of the octopus to scorn is the editor and owner of a country weekly, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Until the big daily can find space for the news about Widow Jones' summer boarders, the doings of Farmer Smith's hired man, and the other items which metropolitan newspapers affect to despise, it will not be able to take away the circulation of the country weekly. So long as the country editor maintains his circulation he carries his sovereignty under his own hat as absolutely as the farmer does whose acres are guileless of a mortgage. He takes orders from the party chieftain in politics, sometimes, but if he has the circulation the party chieftains listen to him with the deference which is anything but feigned. The weekly editor does not have as much money as the mine owner or the owner of a factory in his neighborhood, but he is just as unmistakably one of the big men in his own community. And for his moderate income he has compensations which are unknown to most successful business men. For one thing he has time to get acquainted with his family. The weekly paper goes to press on Thursday or Friday, and the matter which ought to be written on Monday can be left over until Tuesday or Wednesday in case the good wife wants him to drive her across the hills to visit the old folks. Then when the annual meeting of the association comes there is no one's permission to be asked before deciding to attend. The most necessary formality is a good understanding with the railroads, and that is easy to the editor whose circulation is vigorous and without intermittent press beats.

### The Appetite of Hugo.

Never to be forgotten were those evenings when we were lucky enough to find neither Minister, Senator nor Deputy, for in the presence of political men Victor Hugo always seemed to me somewhat stiff, when he warmed to his subject, let himself go as it were, and his conversation took a natural turn full of charm.

How he would then have astonished those who had represented him as being exceedingly solemn, in fact a poseur! If they had seen him so it was doubtless due to themselves. Perhaps to the bumptious and self-opinionated he gave himself the air of an oracle, but with poets, I repeat, he was ease and simplicity—I might even say familiarity—hisself.

At these dinners we could not help admiring his formidable appetite. He ate enormous pieces of roast meat. A typical detail struck me particularly. At the end of his meal he dipped orange quarters into his water and ate them with marked satisfaction. Everything about Victor Hugo was extraordinary, even his digestion.—Francis

**Knew Where He Was Safe.**  
The small boy's sublime trust in his friend, the policeman, is no more marked at times than a common street dog's recourse to the same embodiment of authority as its only refuge. An amusing case occurred the other day at Chestnut and Juniper streets. A thin, dirty white mongrel of the regular "board-yard" type had taken its station for protection at the feet of a very large reserve who was directing traffic.

As the dog distracted his attention somewhat he waved his stick at it, but while it crouched submissively at his feet at this sign of displeasure it would not go away. As people passed it and nearly trod on it it would sneak out of their way in a peculiarly helpless manner and kept continually getting in danger of being run over by trolley cars, cabs and wagons and on occasions the complication of traffic became so great that the dog had to flee for its life to the pavement.

But to the amusement of every one who noticed the little comedy as soon as it could it would return anxiously to the feet of the reserve, for in spite of his stick and his stern look somehow in its doggy brain it had worked it out that here indeed was a friend and by his side was safety from all the annoyances that beset the stray dog in a city street.—Philadelphia Press.

### EXPLAINED.

"Excuse me," said the usher, "but why do you prefer the first seat in the orchestra?"

"Well," replied the young man in glasses, "I take great interest in the first row of the chorus."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I am a bookkeeper and I like to see if the figures are correct."—Detroit Tribune.

### BUSINESS, & C.

The Actor—Look here, old man, I wish you'd lend me five dollars in advance, and take it out of my first week's salary.

The Manager—But, my dear fellow, just supposing, for the sake of argument, that I couldn't pay you your first week's salary—where would I be?—Life.

### HARDENED.

The Moorish brigands had captured the rich American and strung him up by his thumbs. To their astonishment he only smiled.

"Where did you learn to stand such punishment?" asked the barbaric chief.

"I used to hang by a strap in the street cars," said the captive, simply.—Chicago News.

### A GREAT LOSS.

The New Cook—What time do you have breakfast?

Mrs. Highblower—At seven thirty.

"Well, O'm sorry O! can't be wid ye."—Smart Set.

### THE TRICKS

Coffee Plays on Some.

It hardly pays to laugh before you are certain of facts, for it is sometimes humiliating to think of afterwards.

"When I was a young girl I was a lover of coffee, but was sick so much the doctor told me to quit and I did, but after my marriage my husband begged me to drink it again as he did not think it was the coffee caused the troubles."

"So I commenced it again and continued about 6 months until my stomach commenced acting bad and choking as if I had swallowed something the size of an egg. One doctor said it was neuralgia and indigestion."

"One day I took a drive with my husband three miles in the country and I drank a cup of coffee for dinner. I thought sure I would die before I got back to town to a doctor. I was drawn double in the buggy and when my husband hitched the horse to get me out into the doctor's office, misery came up in my throat and seemed to shut my breath off entirely, then left all in a flash and went to my heart. The doctor pronounced it nervous heart trouble and when I got home I was so weak I could not sit up."

"My husband brought my supper to my bedside with a nice cup of hot coffee, but I said: 'Take that back, dear, I will never drink another cup of coffee if you gave me everything you are worth, for it is just killing me.' He and the others laughed at me and said: 'The idea of coffee killing anybody.'"

"Well, I said, 'It is nothing else but coffee that is doing it.'"

"In the grocery one day my husband was persuaded to buy a box of Postum which he brought home and I made it for dinner and we both thought how good it was but said nothing to the hired men and they thought they had drank coffee until we laughed and told them. Well, we kept on with Postum and it was not long before the color came back to my cheeks and I got stout and felt as good as I ever did in my life. I have no more stomach trouble and I know I owe it all to Postum in place of coffee."

"My husband has gained good health on Postum, as well as baby and I, and we all think nothing is so good to say



**PREFERRED THE DARK.**  
"See here, young man," said her father, "I always turn the lights out in this house by 10 o'clock."

"Oh, we'll have the parlor light out before that," replied Mr. Nervey, coolly.—Philadelphia Press.

### ECLIPSED.

Helen—"Was your bitterest hour the time you discovered that your fiancé was flirting with some one else?"

Elise—"No, it was when he discovered that I'd been doing the same thing."—Detroit Free Press.

### OF COURSE.

"Do you suppose," murmured thoughtful Therese, "that insects have any sense of beauty?"

"Why, of course," replied frivolous Fannie. "Don't the moths always get into the prettiest clothes?"—Pittsburg Post.

### A CASE OF VANITY.

"I wish James would swear off on his vanity."

"Is he vain?"

"Vain! I should say he is vain! Why, only yesterday he told me he thought he was every bit as good looking as I am!"

### HE'S BEEN IN IT.



Miss Flo—"Oh, Mr. Scrumson, what ever has happened to you?"

Mr. Scrumson—"It's nothing much, Miss Flo; only a kind of rash I got every football season."—Scraps.

### POSTING HER.

Husband—"What makes you yell so through the 'phone? Do you think the machine is deaf?"

Wife—"No, but I want that woman in the next flat to know that I have a box of American Beauty roses. She was out when they came in."—Detroit Free Press.

### URBAN BIGOTRY.

Subbubs—"Oh, you may sneer, if you please, but let me tell you the death rate in lovely Swamphurst is so low as to excite universal comment."

Citizen—"Yes? I suppose the universal comment is that there are mighty few people who would care to be found dead there."—Philadelphia Press.

### NOTHING STRANGE.

Crabbe—"I admit that I was pretty cranky yesterday. Did the girls say anything about it?"

Wise—"Oh, no."

Crabbe—"Funny they didn't notice my behavior."

Wise—"I don't suppose they saw anything unusual about it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### LOOKING FOR CAPACITY.

"What are you writing, little boy?" asked the old gentleman.

"Christmas letters," responded the youngster. "One is to Santa Claus."

"But you have two."

"Oh, the other is to the fat lady in the museum asking if she would loan me one of her stockings to hang up."—Chicago News.

### MIGHT BE WORSE.

Miss Passay—"She talks so outrageously. She told me I was nothing but a hopeless old maid."

Miss Pepprey—"Whew!"

Miss Passay—"Now, wasn't that unladylike of her?"

Miss Pepprey—"It certainly was rude. Still, it's better than having her tell lies about you."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### COULDN'T BE SPARED.

"I'd like to get a large mustache cup, plain white, without any gilding or ornamentation," said the customer.

"We haven't any of that kind in stock," announced the salesman, after an inspection of the shelves.

"There's one in your front window. I'll take that."

"I can't let you have that, sir. That's

## ALL SICK WOMEN SHOULD READ MRS. FOX'S LETTER

In All Parts of the United States Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Effected Similar Cures.

Many wonderful cures of female ills are continually coming to light which have been brought about by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and



through the advice of Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., which is given to sick women absolutely free of charge.

Mrs. Pinkham has for many years made a study of the ills of her sex; she has consulted with and advised thousands of suffering women, who to-day owe not only their health but even life to her helpful advice.

Mrs. Fannie D. Fox, of 7 Chestnut Street, Bradford, Pa., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "I suffered for a long time with womb trouble, and finally was told by my physician that I had a tumor on the womb. I did not want to submit to an operation, so wrote you for advice. I received your letter and did as you told me, and to-day I am completely cured. My doctor says the tumor has disappeared, and I am once more a well woman. I believe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine in the world for women."

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women establish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She asks nothing in return for her advice. It is absolutely free, and to thousands of women has proved to be more precious than gold.

### The World's Postal Employees.

Germany has 242,000 postal employees, the United States 230,000 and Great Britain 184,000. None of the other States in the postal union possesses 100,000 postal employees. France has 81,000; Austria, 59,000; Russia, 57,062, and Japan, 57,065.

### STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY make oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D., 1898. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### A New Banking System.

A new banking system which enables persons to make deposits of twenty-five cents and upward, interest being allowed when the amount lodged reaches \$5, was adopted by the National Bank of Ireland recently. The bank has several branches in London.

### CUTICURA GROWS HAIR

Scalp Cleared of Dandruff and Hair Restored by One Box of Cuticura and One Cake of Cuticura Soap.

A. W. Taft, of Independence, Va., writing under date of Sept. 15, 1904, says: "I have had falling hair and dandruff for twelve years and could get nothing to help me. Finally I bought one box of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap, and they cleared my scalp of the dandruff and stopped the hair falling. Now my hair is growing as well as ever. I highly prize Cuticura Soap as a toilet soap. (Signed) A. W. Taft, Independence, Va."

Brazil's foreign funded debt exceeds \$230,000,000.

### TWO CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

"Oh, let me show you what a beautiful present my dear, good, darling of an old husband gave me," said the happy wife to some intimates who called. "There! What do you think of that for a sealskin cloak? It cost \$1,800."

"Perfectly lovely!" all exclaimed in chorus, while Miss Curiosity asked: "And what did you give him?"

"Oh, the loveliest little penwiper you ever saw."—New York Press.

### A SUGGESTION.

He—I can never think of the right thing to say at the right time!

She—Why don't you try saying the right thing sometimes, even if you get